LITERATURE.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

WOMEN AND THEATRES. By Olive Logan. Received from T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Miss Logan having abandoned the stage—she expressly declares in the volume before us that it was not because she failed as an actress, and, of course, we are bound to believe her—has turned her attention to literature and the advocacy of women's rights. In these lines of "business" she has at least managed to keep herself before the public, and to have herself talked about, and this is apparently glory enough, for in her performances she appears to take little or no pains to deserve commendation at the hands of those who are disposed to bestow their praise on something more than invective, egotism, and a tendency to pruriency that represents in literature what the leg drama does on the stage. Miss Logan's strong point is first Olive Logan, and then the "nude" drama, as she elegantly designates the performances of the blonde burlesquers. Indeed, the violence of her invectives against a style of not very praiseworthy entertainments that have been popular of late is a little overdone, as were some of the so-called criticisms on the *Black Crook* ballet, and it is suggestive of the idea that Olive may perhaps ultimately claim a "divvy" with the blondes for aiding to make them a success with the public. When dilating upon the nude drama Miss Logan has an evident partiality for her subject, which induces her to give a minute analysis of all its prominent features, that has a certain piquancy coming from a woman professing to write in the interest of virtue and morality, but which would be considered as bordering on the verge of indelicacy if perpetrated by a male pen. It is the chapters on the nude drama, however, that will make the book sell if anything will, for there is but little in it that can be praised, whether as regards substance or literary style. Miss Logan writes in a pert, jerky manner that is particularly unpleasant, and her attempts at wit are too evidently forced to give much flavor to her commonplaces. Portions of the book, however, are entertaining, but not probably in the way that the author intended. The following agreeably egotistical chapter has evidently been written with much unction, and without much thought of the queer ideas it is likely to suggest to the reader with reference to Olive's position as an influential member of the Kitchen Cabinet at the French Court. We quote it as an excellent example of Olive when she is at her best:—

My position was a peculiar one in many respects, when I was in my seventeenth year of life on earth, my first year of life in Paris.

My daily companions were the ladies and gentlemen of Louis Napoleon's court. It was erroneously believed that to get admitted to the salons where I presided, was equivalent to setting foot in the very ante-room of royalty—a belief, the existence of which, I must in justice say, was at the time unknown to me, and for which I was in so way responsible.

I now had my first taste of the power of Power, or, more properly speaking, of the power of supposed Power. There were all sorts of people at my doors incessantly, wanting all sorts of favors, from the sale to the French government of a patent valued at a million francs to the securing of a seat in the imperial chapel at the Tuileries for the coming Sunday morning, and as I was at that age when one wishes to please everybody, I always did my little best to get everybody's requests granted.

There were French people, and English people, and people of all lands, among these haunters of my threshold, but more than all others, there were Americans.

The generality of these, like true-born Yankees as they were, had "inventions" which they were anxious to sell to the government. Generally, it was something in the way of fire-arms, though sewing-machines, bread-making machines, and many other machines, found their way to my residence in the Faubourg St. Honore for inspection.

To find an American—these deluded people thought—in such a very exceptional position, was something most extraordinary; a person who could look at your inventions in one minute, and twenty minutes later stand in the emperor's presence and speak directly to him about them—it was wonderful! Such a person must be got at—must be propitiated, and made to take a personal interest in every inventor's cause.

It was not difficult to say a good word for these worthy men. Generally, however, the inventions were chimerical illusions, or delusions, whose uselessness it only required a practical test to clearly demonstrate.

One of these, I well remember, was a bread-baking apparatus, presented by a gentleman of Cincinnati, whose cause I espoused with especial enthusiasm in view of his hailing from the Western city where my mother, brother, and sisters lived. To hear of the operations of this wonderful apparatus was like listening to a fairy story, or to a modern rivalry of the miracle of the loaves and fishes.

For this inventor permission was obtained to land his apparatus in Havre, free of duty; and there the matter ended, because the machine stopped working in America, and refused ever to resume its marvelous operations.

One of the Yankees, though not one of the impecunious, was Mr. Cyrus W. Field. He spent much time at my house, in his efforts to secure a concession from the French government of the right to land a submarine cable on the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon.

My interest in this matter was very strong. While it was still pending, I left Paris for a few weeks' sojourn at Biarritz, the imperial sea-bathing village. M. Mocquard was there with the empress, and I wrote to him on the subject, urging him, if possible, to let me have the concession for Mr. Field at once.

Mocquard's position as Napoleon's right-hand man, his mouthpiece, his confidential adviser, was well known. To apply to him was as good as, or better than, to apply to the emperor himself.

With his never-failing courtesy, Mocquard expressed to me his regret at not being able to respond to my desire. He wrote:—

"I must, before writing to Paris, confer about this matter with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, now at Biarritz. Repose in me the care of giving it an active impulsion. Believe in my affectionate sentiments. MOCQUARD."

I had frequent opportunities of observing the peculiar nervousness of Mr. Field's temperament, superinduced, no doubt, by his exciting labors.

I remember one day when we were driving about from one Ministere to another, receiving disheartening answers from all (for people were then disposed to look upon the whole business as a chimera, and on its projector as an amiable lunatic), how amused I was with Mr. Field's eccentricity.

While discussing the glories of his pet scheme with great volubility in English, he would repeatedly interrupt himself to punch the astonished driver in the back, and ejaculate the one word *Allez*—"go on!"

The man was already racing his horses at their full speed, but Mr. Field's eagerness far outstripped their shodden heels.

The style of the utterance was somewhat this: "I tell you it is not a mad idea." (Punch—*Allez!*) "The day is not far distant when you will see the two countries joined." (Punch—*Allez!*) "Just think of it! Instantaneous communication between London and New York!" (Punch—*Allez!*)

The scene was brought to a farcical climax when the driver, impatient at last beyond endurance, turned around in his seat and mumbled in that tone of suppressed rage common to the French and English subordinate when angry:—

"*Ah ca! vous m'embetez a la fin!*"—"Come now! you pester me, at last!"

This mild protest against the punches and the reiterated *allez*, Mr. Field did not take the pains to notice, if he even understood.

When he was just on the point of receiving the concession, Mr. Field discovered that a mistake had been made in a date, purposely, as it afterward appeared.

"The date is wrong," said honest Mr. Field, "I cannot sign a petition which states that I shall be in Paris on that date."

"I know that you will be gone, Monsieur," said the official, blandly, "but as a matter of form it was necessary that the date should be thus."

"But I shall be on the ocean at that time," said Mr. Field.

"Where you will," rejoined the official, shrugging his shoulders. "I does not matter. Sign, all the same."

"No," said the American gentleman, with noble simplicity, "I cannot sign. Who knows but I may be lost at sea on this trip? In that case I could not bear the thought that almost my last act in Europe was to indorse a falsehood."

The concession was obtained at last, however, and Mr. Field proved the feasibility of his scheme.

Among the numerous applicants for another kind of favor—the obtaining of a contract—was a person who now "enjoys" a somewhat unenviable reputation from having had a price set on his head by the American government just after the death of Lincoln. I allude to Mr. Beverly Tucker, whose term of office as United States Consul at Liverpool had just expired, and who was now in Paris for the purpose of working what he joyously but erroneously quoted as his "gold mine."

In other words, he hoped to obtain a contract for supplying beef to that portion of the French army then operating in China.

A circumstance here unnecessary to relate led the voluble Southerner to implore my assistance in the matter. In a weak moment I consented, and writing to M. Mocquard obtained a letter of audience for myself and (alas, for French ignorance of a patronymic so distinguished!) for my *pro tem.* protege, M. Bewerly Tuke!

To make my folly complete I had consented to act on this occasion in the somewhat undignified capacity of interpreter, as Mr. Tucker was unable to master more than half a dozen words of French.

On the day appointed for the audience we drove to the Tuileries, and were admitted to the presence of the *Chef du Cabinet*.

I could not have conceived it possible that a man of Beverly Tucker's years,—one who had so recently held a somewhat important post in England, a person of considerable consequence, no doubt, in the South,—would be so completely overthrown by the august presence of M. Mocquard.

Royalty itself never should have abashed an American gentleman thus; and Mocquard, important as he was, was not royalty at least.

Tucker's self-possession immediately deserted him, and during the entire interview he never once recovered it. Naturally of a florid complexion, with sandy hair and fiery red beard, his tinge now deepened into a gorgeous scarlet. I was almost frightened myself when I looked at him—now that I was awed by Mocquard, but that I feared Tucker would presently fall into an apoplectic fit.

Mocquard's cabinet was immediately contiguous to that of the emperor, on the ground floor of the Palace of the Tuileries, looking out upon the English Garden which the emperor had recently cut off from the public inclosure for the exclusive use of the imperial family,—an act, by-the way, much to the annoyance of the Parisians, who looked upon the Tuileries, every square foot of it, as the natural play-ground of the children of France, the rendezvous of the becapped bonne with her soldier-spark, the home of the coco-vendor, the land of the *marchande de plaisirs*.

Gazing out upon the floral beauties which smiled thus at our feet, staring amazedly at the antique glories of upholstery and fresco which the room afforded, my companion, for the first time in my acquaintance with him, became thoroughly oblivious of his "gold mine," and of the presence of the person whose capital of influence—not money—was to work the treasure.

It was not until I recalled him to a sense of where he was, by repeatedly pronouncing the secretary's name, that he became conscious of the great breach of etiquette he was committing by his *gauche* and oblivious manner.

Then began the embarrassment and the redness; and on the part of the secretary an impatience and dislike of this beefy-looking man whom he evidently considered a boor, which showed me I had a delicate part to play.

The matter of the "gold mine" explained, M. Mocquard answered that it was something which did not come within his province, and that all he could do for Mr. Tucker was to give him letters of introduction to the head officials of those *Ministeres* who "occupied themselves" with contracts and shipments of stores.

This in itself was a great favor, and when I explained it to Mr. Tucker he was so very grateful for it that he took upon himself to use four out of the six French words he knew.

They were these, dropped slowly, and with dire emphasis on the last one:—

"*Je—remercie—votre—excellence*"—(I—thank—your—excellency).

Here was a bit of insolent ignorance!

Mocquard, the life-long friend of the emperor, the last and best-beloved lover of his mother, Queen Hortense, the pet of the empress—Commander in the order of the Legion of Honor—*chef* of the cabinet, to whom the emperor had offered every title from duke to baron, and who had refused all to retain the simple, illustrious, and, as he thought, world-known name of Mocquard, to be addressed by the *banal* and mediocre title of "excellency," by an unpleasant American with ill manners and a red face!

It was like a slur thrown on the device of the Rohans.

Roy ne puis, King, I cannot.
Prince ne daigne, Prince, I deign not.
Rohan, je suis! Rohan, I am!

Again came the fatal phrase, "*Je—remercie—votre—excellence.*"

"Tell him I am no 'excellency!'" said the indignant Mocquard to me, haughtily rising to put an end to the interview.

Alas! Tucker heeded not, and again,—

"*Je—remercie—*"

"*Diable!*" ejaculated Mocquard, stamping his foot; "he pesters me!"

I edged my unfortunate compatriot out of the presence as expeditiously as possible, and when we were again in the carriage, I asked Mr. Tucker why he had not taken my hint, at the same time explaining how very annoying it was to Mocquard to be called "excellency."

"Oh, sho!" said this perfectly self-complacent son of the sunny South, "that's all gammon! He liked it, never tell me! They all like it. I tell you it tickles 'em to be called excellencies, these Frenchmen."

I explained the peculiar nature of this case, but to no purpose. The obtuseness of this really kind-hearted but stupid "chivalrous" person was very amusing.

Our first visit, after leaving Mocquard, was to the Ministry of the Marine, where a polite but imperative "impossible," from the lips of M. Dupuy de Lome, effectually closed up Mr. Beverly Tucker's "gold mine," which was never heard of more.

But it is not alone the Yankee inventor or would-be contractor who comes before the throne of Louis Napoleon. American authors and publishers are also much in the habit of courting imperial notice.

To what extent this is done, few people in this country are aware; because as a rule, with most rare exceptions, these efforts to obtain notice from Napoleon or Eugenie fall utterly of accomplishing anything.

Once in a while an American author or publisher gets a letter of praise or a present of jewelry; but even in that case it by no means follows that the work is really valued by the emperor or empress. The letter or the present may be a whim, or it may be a piece of policy.

I recall the case of a well-known publisher who sent the emperor the most beautiful specimen of the bookmaker's art on which my eyes ever feasted, a Worcester's Dictionary, printed on satin paper, soft as a baby's cheek, bound gorgeously in green morocco decked with gold, with the imperial arms and cipher dextrously inserted at every available point, gilt-edged, perfumed—a very triumph in its way.

Arrived at the palace, this book carelessly knocked about from one room to another, cared for by nobody; until, feeling sorry for it as if it were a living thing, I one day asked why it was so ill-treated.

"*Ah, Diable!*" said M. Mocquard, impatiently, "these things pester us. I, for one, wish people would stop sending them. If you want it, you can have it."

"But will not the emperor object to my having taken it?"

"*Parbleu!*" said the secretary, shrugging his shoulders, and laughing in a manner half droll, half contemptuous, "what does the Emperor of France care for *Woochestaire Sauce's Dictionaire!*"

This case is not related because there is anything out of the common in it. Quite the contrary. It chanced to be the first of several elegant books which were freely given to me, which came to the Tuileries in the same way.

Nearly all of these were from American authors or publishers, though a few were from English sources, and, it is easy to conceive, were the centre of many a fond hope, and prepared at great expense of time, labor, and money, for their special purpose.

How little those who devised them imagined that their carefully prepared gifts would find no better fate than that of being given again to his friends by the amiable Mocquard!

—From Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger we have received "Agnes Graham," by "Felia;" a cleverly written and entertaining story of Southern life, which attracted considerable attention while being published serially a few years ago in the *Southern Literary Messenger*.

The same house sends us a cheap paper cover edition of James Greenwood's "Seven Curses of London," and Charles Reade's novel of "White Lies."

—D. Ashmead sends us the second volume of the cheap edition of Thackeray's miscellaneous writings in course of publication by Appletons, which contains "A Shabby Genteel Story," "The Professor," "The Bedford Row Conspiracy," and "A Little Dinner at Tremaine's."

The fifth monthy part of *Appleton's Journal* has also been received from the same house.

—From J. B. Lippincott & Co. we have received the concluding part of the beautiful German story of "Countess Gisela," by E. Marlitt, translated by Mrs. A. L. Wister. The previous works of this author have obtained a well-deserved reputation, and the present story will be read with interest by all who have enjoyed "Gold Elsie" and "The Old Mam'selle's Secret." In many respects "Countess Gisela" is the best of the three stories, and is worthy of the perusal of all who can enjoy really good fiction.

—The September number of Captain Mayne Reid's magazine, *Onward*, as usual, deals largely in the horrific and terrific. The magazine would not pay expenses if there were not a dozen hairbreadth escapes at least in each number, and as Captain Reid understands exactly the desires of the class of readers that he attempts to cater for, they are sure to find the pages of *Onward* absorbingly interesting and agonizing just at the point where "to be continued" announces the delay of another month before the dread mystery of the heroine's fate can be unfolded.

—*The Riverside Magazine* for September gives for a frontispiece a clever design, by Mr. George C. Lambdin, entitled "Town and Country," while other artists are called in to illustrate nearly every one of the papers that make up the magazine. This is a very attractive and interesting number.

—*Our Schoolday Visitor* for September presents an interesting variety of stories, sketches, and poetry, which combine amusement with instruction in an agreeable manner.

—*The Little Corporal* maintains its reputation as an excellent magazine for young readers. The September number is up to the usual mark of excellence.

THE SEPTEMBER MAGAZINES.

"Harper's."

In the September number of *Harper's* we find nothing better worth quoting than the following from the "Easy Chair:"—

His Royal Highness Prince Champagne Charlie has an enormous fortune for an income; but Parliament is to be asked to pay some of his travelling expenses. He also married a lovely Danish princess a few years ago, and all the poets sang in her honor like all the wedding chimes pealing together; but it is now whispered that "a lady of title, who recently disgraced her family, owes her ruin to her future king." That he is fond of cider-cellars, and the songs that are sung there, and the people that congregate there, is also subject of common rumor. That he is mentally a dull young man, of whom no generous word or action has ever been made public, is not denied. He seems to show all the qualities that are most to be deplored in the worst of his ancestors; and a more humiliating family for a royal family than the German kings of England it would be hard to find. There are many private gentlemen who already avoid the Prince as much as they can. It is unpleasant to have to deal with a man who insists upon playing at cards for money, carefully takes all he wins, and never pays a shilling he loses. This is no meaner than his great-uncle Adonis, Prince Regent; but now all the glamour is gone. The wig is no longer a halo, but a wig. When you believe in a Pope it is very well to hear of the Holy Father that he commits crimes as a man, and not as the Pope. But when you believe in a Pope no longer, a cruel and treacherous pontiff is merely a bad man. Prince Champagne Charlie's grandfather, the dull old George, was as little royal perhaps as Charlie; but people believed in royalty then, and they do not believe in it now.

While the poverty and suffering of England increase so rapidly that they leave the strongest and most painful impression of all upon the minds of strangers; while the problem of crime becomes more pressing every day, and there is a general feeling that the country is moving before the breath of an undeclared revolution; while the House of Lords has but to take an attitude of opposition to the popular will to hear the universal growl of popular displeasure, and the frank declaration that it exists only by popular sufferance, it is not to be supposed that the follies of a Prince Champagne Charlie will be tolerated beyond a certain point. If the House of Lords, how much more does the throne, survive only by popular permission? And in England the question has very nearly become one of economy merely. Is a permanent executive preferable? Is the pageant of royalty desirable, or even longer practicable, for such an executive?

Champagne Charlie had better be satisfied with a salary of seven or eight hundred thousand dollars a year for doing nothing in the most offensive manner. There were Englishmen living in America who asked, "Why should we be taxed without representation?" There are Englishmen living in England who ask, "What do we gain by paying such enormous sums to such a Champagne Prince Charlie?"

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This year Amherst, like the other colleges, was very chary of her Doctor's degree. Whether the colleges have at length heard the tone of derision with which the public has latterly received their profuse honors of this kind; whether they have learned that the solemn conferring of the double Doctorate has come to be considered a mere "calling of names;" whether they agree at last with Landor, who wrote to Southey that "the University of Oxford ought to purchase an estate for you in the country, as a reward for becoming one of its Doctors;" or whether the increase of the population is not rapid enough to supply candidates, it is observable that the crop of Doctors in this year is very small. On the other hand, the hay and apple crops are very large, and a philosophical country will undoubtedly endeavor to set the gain against the loss. Indeed, the most philosophic of citizens might, perhaps, seriously hesitate between an offer of a barrel of Baldwins or greenings and the Doctorate of laws.

One of the most uncomfortable incidents of being a double Doctor, however, the Easy Chair has sometimes remarked to be the ignorance of other people of that distinction. To wrap your honorary degree like a talent in a napkin, and bury it in the earth, defeats its very purpose; and yet who can wear it upon his sleeve? The Doctors themselves are certainly willing it should be known; but how?

The most common device to publish the fact of the Doctorate is apparently the issuing of a book. In this case the important fact appears, as it were, merely incidentally and by chance. Yet it is really the point of the book. At least, if the intelligent reader will turn over the series of works by Ever So Many People, LL.D., it will be difficult for him to determine why they were published, except to communicate to the public, what would not otherwise be so modestly advertised, that Ever So Many People *are* LL. D. But this method does not wholly avoid the dilemma: because how are the public to be compelled not only to read a book but to remark the details of the title-page? Not everybody gets the title correctly; and how many can be expected to make the proper distinctions, for instance, between S. T. D. and LL. D. and Ph. D. at the end of a man's name, when even his friends blunder about the letters in the name itself? If, for instance, your name is David Daniel Douglas, how many of your correspondents will not persistently write D. D. Douglass, Esquire, although at least once a month you sign it in full with one *s*. An ingenious friend of the Easy Chair, who is often troubled is this way, has his tranquil revenge by always doubling the final letters of both the offender's names: so that if Henry Higgins directs to him as D. D. Douglass, his reply is addressed, Henryy Higginss, Esquire. This, he remarks, often brings them to reason.

But since the public cannot be compelled to read, could not his attention be attracted by classifying such books as the works of the LL. D.? Might there not be the Poetical, Philosophical, Theological, and Scientific LL. D. series? Yes, remarks a cynic at the Chair's elbow, and so set off the books that no gentleman's library should be without by those that none would contain; and, alas! how the market for trunk linings would be glutted!

Foreign Items.

—A remarkable article in the current number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* upon the relations of Bohemia to Austria and the interest of France in the Czech question is significant at the present moment. The author, M. Saint-Rene Taillandier, shows that the discontent of the Czechs is not without justification. As Slavs they belong to a clear majority of the subjects of the new Austrian empire, numbering 16,000,000 of souls; yet under the new dualistic system their pride of race is offended by being subjected to the ascendancy of Germans and Maygars, who do not together quite amount to 14,000,000, and as Bohemians their patriotic feelings are outraged by seeing the constitutional rights of their ancient kingdom—rights as clear and well-founded as those of Hungary itself—trampled upon and utterly abrogated. M. Taillandier then points out the danger engendered by this discontent, not to Austria only, but to all Europe, and to France in particular, from Panslavist propagandism on the one hand, and on the other from Prussian ambition. Czech leaders were present at the Slav Congress of Moscow in 1867, and although they afterwards regretted taking this step, circumstances may at any moment throw the whole people into the arms of Russia. Again, the western boundary of Bohemia cuts the line between Dresden and Munich, and if Prussia ever crosses the Main, she must desire to cross this line. M. Taillandier then warmly advocates the substitution of a federation composed of the historical States of the empire for the present Austro-Hungarian dualism. And he adds what, if true, is not a little suggestive, that Count Beust is believed to be in favor of this federal scheme.

—The Levant *Herald* states that on the 16th of July an imposing ecclesiastical ceremony took place in Pera on the occasion of the translation of some relics of St. Gregory "the Illuminator" (the apostle and patron saint of the Armenians) from the Catholic Church of St. John to the Armeno-Catholic Church of St. Mary. The procession consisted of nearly 100 chorister boys in white tunics, a large number of clerical students, some eighty priests, eighteen bishops in full canonicals, and Monsignor Hassown, the patriarch of the community. A body of policemen headed the cortege, and the street between the two churches was kept clear by another detachment of the same force. The strong plate-glass box set in silver, which contained the relics, was carried on poles by four priests, and contained one of the saint's toes, a piece of the chain by which he had been bound in one of his many persecutions by King Tiridates (afterwards his convert), and a few inches of his staff. These venerated remains recently formed part of the relics of the saint which are still at Rome, whither they are said to have been conveyed from Erchmiazin, where he died in the beginning of the fourth century, and were given by the Pope to Monsignor Hassown for the edification of the Pera faithful, on the occasion of his last visit to the eternal city. The grateful patriarch has at his own cost provided a solid silver casket for their permanent custody in St. Mary's. Looking at the extreme value of these relics, we think Monsignor Hassown would have acted more wisely if he had deposited the saint's toe and the other things at his banker's.

—A Portland prper says that a strong pressure is being made to have a young lady appointed to the vacant County Treasurership in Cumberland county, Me., as the Commissioners have the power to fill this vacancy until next January; but it is believed that a woman is ineligible to office in Maine under the present construction of the Constitution and laws.